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Nohl's "Youth of Beethoven."

(From the *Leipziger Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, translated for this Journal.)

(Conclusion.)

BEETHOVENS LEBEN, VON LUDWIG NOHL.
Erster Band: *Die Jugend*, 1770-92. (Wien.
Markgraf, 1864.)

"Dawn" (*Dämmerung*) is the heading of the second period of Beethoven's youth; it extends from 1784 to 1787. As this period begins with the commencement of Maximilian Franz's reign as Elector, it must naturally open with a description of the character of that prince. The reader is confounded, that the radical, Nohl, cherishes for this prince a boundless admiration and utters it in eccentric expressions. But then he had here lit upon a totally different source of information—which he copies with just such devotion, as he had done previously in the case of Scherr—viz: from the sketches of the Elector's life which appeared in 1803 from the pen of the Baron von Seida and Landensburg. His utter incapacity of judgment and for the use of general authorities shows itself here with incredible simplicity; the scandal-seeking democrat and the flattering courtier stand for him in precisely the same line; not even the circumstance startles him, that the same Seida, in an Appendix, writes favorably about the preceding Electors, who have fared so hardly at the hands of Nohl. Just here the work of Perthes (*Politische Zustände*, p. 194, *et seq.*), should guide him, if he had any idea how historic knowledge is to be gained. But then Herr Nohl desired an example of that pure and ideal humanity, the idea of which was current at the end of the last century, in order to explain certain presupposed influences upon Beethoven; as such, for better or worse, must Max Franz, brother of Joseph II., and sympathiser in his ideas, be taken. Here was a prince, who made his people truly happy—who taught them to think (his speech at the inauguration of the University, 1786, is copied entire from Seida), who brought the free, intellectual tone of society. Certain opposing opinions of him, such as that in Mozart's letter to his father, yes, even that of Emperor Joseph himself, are passed over lightly, since they contradict the statements of Herr von Seida.

Max Franz took great pains with his music therefore this is the place to discourse of his own musical attainments. To what Thayer has said (*Atl. Monthly*, 852), Nohl adds some interesting particulars, but finds it necessary to describe once more in full, after Jahn, the musical life of the Vienna Court and specially Mozart's connection with it, "whose world-renown started thence," (p. 162).

And now, as according to him the influence of the Elector produced an entirely new epoch in the Bonn taste for art, he feels himself obliged again to recall to mind the condition of things in general in which Max Franz makes so noble a figure. By this, it is true, Beethoven is again thrust aside for a long time, but then Herr Nohl's book becomes some dozens of pages larger.

And so, upon p. 172, begins a geographical disquisition upon the Danube and Vienna; the fortunes of this city, beginning with the Romans, are noted; stress is laid upon the importance to which it attained under Maria Theresa; and, finally, the noble fruits of musical culture mentioned, which there ripened. The lively, excitable temperament of the Viennese explains these fruits: "naive sensuality, the most vivid fancy were the atmosphere of that city—and they are the wood from which is carved the beautiful," (p. 188). The question why just Austria should become a focus of this high musical art, has, according to Herr Nohl, never been adequately answered; he finds the reason in the mingling of German with Oriental elements. Now he undertakes to give a picture of the Slavic character—in part from his own notions, in part from Moritz Hartmann's "Hetman"—and reaches the conclusion, that the Slave is good for nothing alone, but that the mingling of German and Slavic blood produces something extraordinary. For examples, the sharp criticism in North-East Germany, the sensual susceptibility to music in Austria. Particular specimens of these "hybrids of races," who for this reason accomplished great things are [according to Nohl] *Luther, Leibnitz, Lessing, Kant, —Gentz*; among musicians, *Bach* (previously his example of German piety), *Gluck, Haydn*. This entire chapter is, as any one may guess, very funny reading.

The most thorough child of Austria was Mozart, who truly had nothing Slavic in his blood, but infused the real German heart into music. His intellectual brother in the North is Goethe; and the same ideal intellectuality, the same amiable humanity, of which the two are specimens, were exhibited to Beethoven combined in Max Franz. Beethoven—thus Herr Nohl continues his fantasy—comprehended his art; he perceived that a still higher goal in art was to be attained; he even then (the boy of 15 years) hoped to be able to complete the edifice raised by Mozart—to introduce the German spirit into music.

Next, Herr Nohl is pleased to vouchsafe us once more something of fact in relation to Beethoven; his appointment as court organist is mentioned; various matters concerning Count Waldstein, Beethoven's protector, are introduced, mostly word for word from Wegeler, and in a note (p. 393) some of his new compositions (among them the three P. F. quartets) are noted *en passant*. But now he hastens to the most important event of Beethoven's youth—his first visit to Vienna—which occupies him from p. 192 to 235, although all the facts known may be stated in a few lines. Beethoven, then, made, for some unknown reason, a journey to Vienna in the spring of 1787, (this is the date given by Nohl correctly,* while Jahn, in his Mozart, III. 306, gives the winter of 1786), played there in the presence of Mozart, who foretold his grand future, but whom, according to the common authorities, he himself did not hear,

* From Thayer's Article.

had a meeting also with Joseph II. (according to Schindler), and after a short stay journeyed home again. What a valuable task for Herr Nohl, to throw light upon these mysterious notices, by his conjectures! Beyond a doubt, Beethoven had long yearned to visit the fountain, "where one might drink himself to a true artist, to a true man," (p. 199); oft had he prayed Waldstein† (just before Herr Nohl relates, how difficult it was to do a favor to Beethoven) to secure him the opportunity, and Waldstein had himself long since recognized the necessity; at last the Elector gave his consent. How must the journey, especially how must Vienna with its luxurious life and its musical activity have wrought upon him! But all else is cast in the shade by the visit to Mozart. First the accounts given by others of the meeting are given *in extenso*; then Herr Nohl attempts profounder views (p. 215). Beethoven did not hear Mozart play! What can have been the reason? Certainly Beethoven was not impressed by the outward appearance of Mozart and his easy, amiable nature—he, its complete contrast; for "defiantly wild, like a youthful Viking, appeared this primeval German even then," (p. 398, note). On the other hand Beethoven doubtless bore himself in the consciousness of his position as Court organist somewhat awkwardly, which displeased Mozart; moreover Mozart's cares and labors at the time—which are described in citations from Jahn, on pages 218-225—did not allow him to trouble himself much with the youth. Beethoven's self-consciousness may even then have actively hindered the too great admiration of another; moreover he soon felt himself repelled by a light and luxurious life, wanting in intellectual force, and even in Mozart, whom he viewed in the same light; he had the presentiment of his own future vocation. Ripened from the boy to the youth, he returned to Bonn. That is what Herr Nohl calls deeper insight!

The third period of Beethoven's youth is called by Nohl "Awaking," and reaches to 1792; it begins with the return to Bonn, the particulars of which are related. Herr Nohl feels himself here to be an original investigator, and imparts entirely new data out of a letter from Beethoven to Dr. Schaden of Augsburg, heretofore, as he states, utterly unknown in Germany. "I found it," he says, "in the *Revue Britannique* for 1861, into which it was copied from the *Atlantic Miscellany* (read *Monthly*). I do not know the present owner, and am also under the necessity, to retranslate out of two (?) foreign tongues this interesting document in the dialect of Beethoven. Perhaps, in consequence of having copied very many original letters of the Master, I may have done it with considerable success." The original of the letter Herr Nohl might indeed have found quite near him; at all events he should have known, that Rellstab printed a copy from it in 1845 in the *Vossische Zeitung*, No. 194. In that case indeed we should have lost the amusement

† Who had not yet come to Bonn.

of comparing what the young Beethoven really wrote, with what Nohl makes him say.

Here are the two.

[As the point of the (capital) joke here lies in the comparison of a German translation of a French translation of an English translation of a German letter, with the original, and would not be understood, by a very large number of our readers, we omit the two letters].

It seems then that the copying of manuscripts is after all not quite enough to form a style. How after the death of the Mother [which forms the subject of the letter] the circumstances of the family became more gloomy continually; how the eldest son had soon to provide for all by his salary and lessons; how at length the younger brothers were provided for, Herr Nohl relates principally after Thayer, although he only cites others. He has, however, here been able to give some new data on these matters and added some new and valuable material, from two documents (p. 406) out of the Provincial Archives at Düsseldorf, that were until now unknown.* It appears from them, that as at length Beethoven's father was no longer able to perform his duties, the son petitions the Elector to grant half the salary to the father, and the other half to himself [for the education of his brothers, as Thayer's new volume shows]; this was granted. But Beethoven was persuaded by the entreaties of his father and by the promise to transfer regularly the half of his salary, not to put the decree in force. But as the father afterwards made way with the decree, which he had retained, after his death Beethoven was forced (1792) to petition for its renewal; this time also the petition was granted. The independence, with which we here see the young man of 20 years assuming the direction of the family affairs, is an interesting and important new feature in the picture of his youth.*

Like Thayer (in the *Atlantic* Article), Nohl, in this connection, comes upon Beethoven's affairs of the heart. While, however, Thayer keeps to the traditions and speaks, after Wegeler, of two young ladies, who were in the habit of visiting the Breunings, as the first objects of Beethoven's inclinations, Nohl naturally goes farther. Certainly, he thinks, must Beethoven have fallen in love with Eleonore v. Breuning; his fiery nature, and "that Fidelio-Leonore that so vividly chimes to the child Lory" (p. 256), make it as clear as the sun; Wegeler's statements, p. 42, to the contrary, are not worth mention. Several pages farther on, (plan and effort to follow chronologica order one must not demand of Herr Nohl), all at once, the beautiful and gifted Barbara Koch appears in the house of the Breunings; Beethoven, "after Lory has forced him to restrain his tenderer sentiments within the narrow paths of mere friendship," becomes of course also her devoted.—How much greater had been the deserts of Herr Nohl, if he had endeavored to give a clear picture of the social relations in Bonn, and the position of individuals as to the Court and to one another, for which may data may still be found! But Nohl's book utterly wants color.

In connection with the new organization of the Bonn theatre in 1788, he, following Thayer's Article, names the musicians of the Orchestra (the two Rombergs among them) and draws from Neeff's report a list of the operas given; he then allows, through four pages, pastor Junker,

* They were sent to him by the director of the Archives.
* See Thayer's work for a mass of similar new matter.

a noted critic of those days, to speak of the excellence of the orchestra, and cites also his (Junker's) judgment upon Beethoven's playing. That all this is given in Thayer's article, he passes over.

Shortly before, he had spoken of Beethoven's skill in extemporizing and in depicting the characters of individuals in music. As if by chance, he here relates the visit of the orchestra to Mergentheim and Beethoven's meeting with Sterkel; but the clear narrative of this journey [as given in Thayer's Article] is by him rendered utterly incoherent, and thus again, to superfluity, shows clearly that the talent for narration has not been bestowed upon him.

The following notices of life at Court and of the free and easy tone, while Max Franz infused into it, may well give us another opportunity to exhibit Nohl's style of transcription:

EMMA, p. 28.

"With his gay disposition, ready for every pleasure of life, he [Max Franz] did not fall in those good-natured attentions to others, which make existence so pleasant and so valuable. He was ever ready for social intercourse and sympathy, and generally was present at all entertainments, which gained not a little by his presence," &c.

NOHL, p. 297.

"He, who was himself gay, amiable, friendly and condescending to every one, and to whose joyous disposition every pleasure of life stood open, also did not fall in those good-natured attentions to others which give to existence so pleasing a form. Yes, he was always disposed to every social communication, and as a rule was present at all the pleasures of his Court or of the citizens. We are also assured expressly that these gained not a little from his presence," &c.

In one of these Court festivities, a Ballet of Chivalry came to performance, the text by Waldstein, with music by Beethoven; the score was long attributed to Waldstein also and was never printed. Nohl bemoans, p. 422, that this score has never come under his notice; and yet he might have seen it in the closest proximity to other papers which he had looked over.—Similar concerts were also given in the neighboring village of Godesberg; and here also shone Beethoven in his extemporizing and variations; and then, in Nohl's opinion, among other things, were composed the Variations upon Righini's "*Vieni Amore*." Herr Nohl here expresses his opinion, that Beethoven but rarely clothed the unfathomable depths of his soul in the Variation form. One is horror-struck at such a specimen of incredible ignorance in the first volume, when one reflects what the fourth will be. This is by no means a good recommendation for the following conjectures, (p. 423), that the Trio, op. 3, the Serenade, op. 8, and even the Serenade, op. 25, belong to the Bonn period, the proofs of which are hereafter to be produced. For "Beethoven is by no means of so late maturity as is generally supposed." On the other hand, we read, p. 254, that, for want of leisure, he began late to work out compositions of real importance.

All this was but by way of practice; more productive food he was to obtain elsewhere—out of the French Revolution (chap. 14). Thayer had very appropriately pointed out (p. 860), how well adapted the condition of Bonn was to produce in Beethoven a thoroughly cultivated musician, and to give his taste proper nutriment without cramping his genius. Nohl naturally here also, affects deeper insight. "That regular school education, the worth of which none must undervalue, may at first, especially to the stock musician, seem to be the main thing. We will

not quarrel with them, for nothing is more dangerous, than to arouse the sleeping lion in these gentlemen," (p. 307). It seems more safe to him to address the ladies. "Yes, the lovely ones of my readers, especially if they belong to the saloons, will know how to thank me, that I have allowed their favorite to gain in due time the 'culture,' the possession of which alone gives the most god-gifted man the right of existence in society;" (p. 208). At the same time however he was impelled to action; he was impelled by a native force, which "fermented and fermented in order to duly ferment itself," (p. 310). In order to explain this process of fermentation, now follows (p. 314 *et seq.*), a dissertation on the French Revolution, which had its origin in the deepest human necessities, and along with which the cry for liberty resounded with equal strength from Germany, and Beethoven became "the speaking trumpet of this most real necessity of his times," (p. 319). Certainly he had zealously followed events in Paris, his music proves it clearly—"who cannot read this out of his works—he does not understand the fundamental feelings of his soul," (p. 324). The impelling force of the time filled him; this impulse it is indeed, which gives to music its best substance (p. 325). This revolutionary impulse drove him forth, whither? To Paris? No, to Vienna and to Mozart, whom, according to p. 215, he had never even heard play, who, however, according to p. 214, had already given him some lessons. Mozart however died in 1791, and so now he fixes his hopes upon Haydn. When the latter passed through Bonn in 1790, the proud Beethoven could hardly [according to Nohl] have felt drawn to the humble, deferential man, (p. 329); but now Haydn come back from England, again passed through Bonn, examined a Cantata by Beethoven and praised it highly. Max Franz determined, towards the end of 1792, to send Beethoven to Vienna for higher musical culture; his brothers were now cared for, his father died about that time, he was entirely free. Waldstein wrote him prophetic words at parting.

The tone of his mind was elevated and full of lofty presentiment—the cry for liberty sounded more loudly around. Shortly before his departure (November), Mayence had been taken by the French; to the sound of the *Marseillaise* freedom had entered that city. A memorandum book, which Herr Nohl has seen at Vienna, in possession of Artaria & Co., gives unluckily his journey only to Coblenz; but for Herr Nohl it is indisputable,—what no other biographer has thought of—that Beethoven stopped also in Mayence* and made a short stay there, in order to observe more closely the intoxication of freedom. Herr Nohl understands how the *Marseillaise* here must have wrought upon Beethoven; now he first comprehends the "*Erica*," now first "that world-historical clanking of sabres and the war tramp" in many of his works.

Beethoven evinced, to an extent beyond most others artists, during the whole of his active career, lofty views of the dignity of his art, deep awe of the truth, a never flagging sense of duty in his works; what would he have said to a biographer, in whom not a spark of these cardinal virtues, also of a biographer, is to be found?

* Thayer's Volume (p. 379) gives the notices of this journey from the same memorandum book—by which is proven that Beethoven did not go to Mayence at all! He crossed the river at Coblenz, and followed the ordinary post route *via* Montebaur and Limburg to Frankfurt. The ages of Herr Nohl's book devoted to these Mayence fantasies say, therefore, as a parenthesis, "be omitted without injury to the sense."

Moritz Hauptmann.

The world of music has just suffered a great, nay, in some respects an irreparable loss. Moritz Hauptmann, Cantor at the Thomasschule, Leipzig, died on the 4th January. His father, chief Government Architect, wished at first to bring the boy up to his own profession, and caused him to study architecture and mathematics conjointly with the usual subjects of a liberal education. He encouraged, however, the boy's musical talent so far as to have him taught something of the violin and thoroughbass. Until the age of eighteen, Moritz Hauptmann was, therefore, intended for an architect, but, moved by his invincible love for music, the father then allowed him to follow his own bent, and sent him to Spohr, then *Concertmeister* at Gotha. Moritz resided there a year, during which the mutual relation of master and pupil grew into a life-long friendship. In 1813, Hauptmann was engaged as violinist in the Royal Chapel, Dresden, but only ten months subsequently he proceeded to Vienna, where Spohr was acting as *Capellmeister*, and remained there nearly six months. In 1815, he accepted a situation in the family of Prince Repnin, hoping that he should accompany the latter to Italy; but fate ruled otherwise. The Prince having been appointed to some high post, remained in Russia, and to this fact the world is indebted for one of the most scientific works ever written. In Southern Russia, at that period (1815-20) far removed from artistic life, reminiscences of his scientific studies were awakened in the mind of the young music master; he plunged, so to speak, into mathematical investigations, and there can be no doubt that many sketches, which were afterwards turned to account and included in *Harmonik und Metrik*, date from this time. The same is true of many of his compositions, though not published till subsequently; we may particularly mention the "Violin Duets."

On his return from Russia, Hauptmann lived a private life for two years in Dresden, and kept up a continual correspondence with Spohr, whose influence was undoubtedly instrumental in procuring him an appointment at Cassel (1822). For twenty years did Hauptmann work in that town, remaining there till he was named (while absent on a holiday trip to Paris) Cantor and Musical Director at the Thomasschule, Leipzig. In 1843, on the establishment of the Conservatory, he added to his other duties those of Professor of Counterpoint and Fugue. It was then that his high artistic qualities as a composer, and his unrivalled excellence as a master were fully developed. His compositions, especially his four-part sacred and profane songs, as well as his Sonatas for Piano and Violin, commanding the respect of all musicians, while his theoretical works, his analysis of the art peculiar to Bach's Fugues, and, more especially, his book on *Harmonik und Metrik*, inspired all skilled in art and science with astonishment and admiration. With regard to him personally, there was but one opinion. He was an amiable and modest scholar, gentle in his opinions; a friend of youth; and always vigorous and fresh in mind. Thus did he work on, a blessing to all, till his death. In him expired a man as valuable to music as any one could be; his mind, developed by a thorough and varied education, was actively employed in various branches of knowledge: but all these various branches met in one point: the high eminence of art.

Hauptmann was one of the four professors who were entrusted with the honorable task of selecting and preparing for publication the manuscript compositions left by Mendelssohn. His associates in this work (labor of love!) were Herren Moscheles, Julius Rietz, and Ferdinand David.—*Lond. Mus. World*.

The *Athenæum* says:—"He was one of the last and best masters of composition left in Germany, strict without stiffness, and more genial by far than such teachers of the science of music as Albrechtsberger and Reicha. He knew, intimately and deeply, what he had to teach; he instructed those under his care with as little trammelling of their feeling and fancies as any collegiate professor could be expected to do; and this, be it noted, at a period when an amount of established provocation directed towards all 'rule and governance' had infected German music with a spirit of crude lawlessness. Had not Herr Hauptmann been so great and conscientious a professor, he might have left a mark and a fame as a composer. What we know of his sacred music is, if not startlingly original, solidly excellent. He has been attended to his grave with every regret of his friends, townsmen, pupils, and those, like ourselves, personally strangers to him, but who acknowledge gratefully the real results of his great and honest teaching."

A Month of Music in Leipzig.

The *Western Musical Review* (Indianapolis) has the following interesting letter:

Leipzig, January 2, 1868.

The seventh Gewandhaus Concert presented a novelty of unusual merit in the form of an *Overture to Alladin*, by C. F. E. Hornemann. The composition is fresh, dramatic and brilliant throughout, and its impassioned finale is a perfect whirlwind of tone, full of oriental richness and splendor of color, where in the composer (who is a young Dane, and a former pupil of the Conservatorium of Leipzig) tells the well known tale of the magical transformation of the poor vagrant into the most magnificent prince which Eastern fancy has ever created, in a manner that proves him a true poet, of vivid imagination and rare talent.

Frau Neruda-Norman played a violin concerto in A minor by Rode, and the *Adagio and Rondo* from Vieuxtemps' E major concerto. Beautiful tone, excellent technique, and exquisite perfection in all of the little witcheries of violin playing, combined to make her performance delightful.

After some fine four-part Swedish songs, by a male quartet from Stockholm—in which the coloring peculiar to Northern Volkslieder, and faultless purity of intonation coupled with perfect artistic sympathy upon the part of the singers produced charming effect—the concert concluded with a very fine performance of Schumann's elaborately wrought symphony in C major.

Next evening, November 29th, came the third soirée of classical chamber music, with the following programme:

Trio, Piano, Violin and 'Cello, in G. Haydn.
Sonata, Violin and Bass. Nardini (1722-93).
Quartet, String, Op. 59, No. 3. Beethoven.
Quartet, Piano, Violin, Viola and 'Cello. Op. 3. Mendelssohn.

The performance was excellent throughout. *Concertmeister* David displayed anew his wonderful command over his instrument, as well as his antiquarian zeal, by a delightful performance of the very old sonata for violin and bass, which he has exhumed and worked over for violin and piano.

The anniversary of Mozart's death (December 5, 1791) was commemorated at the fourth *Euterpe* concert, December 3d, by an excellent performance of the impressive *Masonic funeral music* from the pen of this immortal master, and a concert aria for soprano voice, with violin obligato and orchestral accompaniment. Herr Julius Goltermann, from Stuttgart, created a genuine *fuore* by his splendid performance of a beautiful and difficult violoncello concerto by Molique. His technical mastery over the instrument is apparently complete, and his tone is pure and noble.

The concerto was followed by a symphony (No. 1) from the pen of the conductor of the *Euterpe* concerts, Mr. S. Jadassohn. The composition is fine, full of excellent workmanship and fine harmonic combinations, and shows thorough knowledge of the resources of the modern grand orchestra. The concert closed—after a few songs by Fräulein Clara Priwe, whose rather pleasing voice needs considerable more schooling ere she can take a first-class position—with the intricately constructed overture to Calderon's *Dame Kolold*, by Carl Reinecke, (conductor of the *Gewandhaus* concerts).

The eighth *Gewandhaus* concert coming on the exact anniversary of Mozart's death, the first part of the programme was devoted exclusively to selections from his works. The G minor symphony and *Magic Flute* overture—two of the most characteristic and faultlessly beautiful of the productions of this most tender and graceful composer—were the orchestral pieces. Herr Franz Bannat, violoncellist, from Munich, played a Larghetto, arranged from Mozart's clarinet quintet; Mme. Garay Lichtmay, from Wiesbaden, sang an aria from *Don Giovanni*; and the concluding selection was a *concertone* for two violins, two violas, oboe and violoncello, with orchestral accompaniment. This melodious and elaborate composition was finely played; but the day of pastoral poetry, (of which this composition is a musical counterpart, both as regards beauties and faults), is gone, and it is hard for one to endure so much unrelieved prettiness and innocent affectation at one sitting. The second part of the concert offered a concert-allegro for violoncello by B. Romberg (which was played by Herr Bannat with taste and feeling, but in too slow tempo); and two selections (*entr'acte* and *arie*) from *Capellmeister* Reinecke's opera "King Manfred," which had such extraordinary success at its production in Wiesbaden last year; the concert concluding with Beethoven's majestic *Coriolan* overture.

On the following evening Fräulein Constance Skiwa, from Vienna, gave a soirée at the Conserva-

torium. The room was filled, and the lady played Schumann's Quintet for piano and string instruments, and pianoforte selections from Bach, Beethoven, Handel, Liszt and Rubinstein, concluding with a concert-valse by Wieniawski. Her technique is already fine, and she exhibits a rare flexibility of wrist in octave passages. Her performance of the Beethoven sonata (Op. 28), the well-known variations by Handel ("Harmonious Blacksmith,"), and the Schumann Quintet was thoroughly enjoyable.

Saturday evening, December 7, Mme. Clara Schumann and Herr Julius Stockhausen gave a soirée at the Gewandhaus. The soirée was of the most unique artistic merit; nothing offered in Leipzig this season, save only the equally unique one given by Anton Rubinstein in the same hall, in October last, will at all compare with it, and the people of this music-loving city showed their appreciation of its rare merit by filling every available portion of space in the hall, not excepting the very platform where the piano stood. Mme. Schumann selected Beethoven's sonata, op. 81, *Les Adieux, L'Absence, La Retour* (a very appropriate selection, in view of her former residence in this city,) for the opening piece, and in course of the evening played her lamented husband's *Symphonische Etuden*, Op. 13; *Gavotte*, from Op. 115, F. Hiller; *Etude*, Op. 25, No. 7, and *Scherzo* in B minor, from Chopin; concluding (in response to the tumultuous applause called forth by her poetical and impassioned performance of the *Scherzo*) with *Traumesswären*, by her husband. The life of such an artist as Mme. Schumann must have been full of remarkable occurrences, but all that we know at present is that Clara Wieck was born in Leipzig, September 13, 1819; received early instruction from her father, and was an excellent pianist when but a child. She became the wife of the gifted Schumann in 1840, and for years has been entitled the Queen of lady pianists. Her playing of the compositions of Beethoven, Chopin, Henselt and Schumann is unexcelled, and it is to this artist more than to any other that the latter three composers owe their present high position in Germany. She is idolized throughout Germany, and her name is sufficient to fill the largest hall to overflowing.

Of Herr Stockhausen it is sufficient to say that he is about forty years old, and that he uses his magnificent voice with that discretion and skill which always marks the truly great artist. Herr Stockhausen's selections were *Plaisir d'amour*, Martini; *Per la gloria d'adorarai*, Buononcini; four songs from Schumann's *Liedercyclus*, Op. 24, and two *Romanzen*, from Tieck's "Beautiful Magelone," Brahms. Herr *Capellmeister* Reinecke played the accompaniments with such sympathetic tone and feeling that it was a common remark among musicians present, "If I could not sing like Stockhausen, I should desire to accompany like Reinecke."

At the fifth *Euterpe* concert, December 10th, we had an excellent performance of Wagner's *Faust* overture. This work has many enemies, but also many friends, and I do not hesitate to take a place among the latter, for I can but consider the work, as regards the originality of conception, skilful thematic treatment, dramatic contrasts and effective instrumentation, a real masterpiece which Wagner may well be proud to own. The other orchestral selection for this occasion was Robert Volkmann's second symphony. The work contains much that is interesting and effective, but also has many flaws. Its failures appear to be the result of undue haste, and unless Mr. Volkmann was writing the work for some special reason, he needs to learn the art of patient self-criticism. A man that leaves five masterpieces as the result of a life's labor, accomplishes much more than one who leaves from fifty to a hundred imperfect *Opus* numbers; indeed, if quantity could atone for quality, then our American friend Grobe, with his twenty thousand—more or less—compositions, would stand a better chance for undying fame than any musician that has appeared up to the present time. The soloists of the evening were *Concertmeister* Heckman (Leipzig) violin, and the brothers Willie and Louis Thern, (from Hungary), piano. The young *Concertmeister* played his two pieces (concerto in D, Bazzini, Prelude and Fugue, Bach,) with fine tone and feeling, and received a deserved tribute of applause. The brothers Thern appeared in a double-concerto in D minor, and "Pastorale Hongroise, composed and conducted by their father, Carl Thern; *Etude*, Op. 25, No. 2, Chopin, and Turkish March, Beethoven. The forte of these young men is duo-playing, and when it is known that they played the *etude* from Chopin simultaneously upon two grand pianos, in very rapid tempo and with such precision that it sounded as though it was being played by only one person, it will be seen that they have cultivated this style of performance to a high degree of perfection.

The Double-concerto was, of course, written for the purpose of exhibiting the amount of execution which the young men possess, and as far as this is concerned, is a success; but taken upon its own merits, it must be pronounced needlessly long, without variety or freshness in its themes, and full of monotonous repetitions of the same bravura passages. In fact, judging by this composition, it would seem that Mr. Thern's ideal of a concerto is a work where a few common melodies in the orchestra are accompanied upon the pianoforte with a long succession of runs, scales and trills. The *Pastorale Hongroise*, in regard to common themes, superfluity of scales, etc., is but a "pocket edition" of the Double-concerto. The Turkish March was played excellently, and called forth a real storm of applause, whereupon the brothers re-played it, and with even finer effect than before.

The ninth Gewandhaus concert occurring upon the birthday of the universally esteemed and beloved King Johann, of Saxony, the programme was arranged accordingly, and offered *Salvum fac regem* for chorus and orchestra, by M. Hauptmann; Beethoven's perfectly magnificent *Festival Overture*, op. 124; the 98th Psalm for eight-part chorus and orchestra, by Mendelssohn; concerto for violin, by Viotti, and variations by Ferd. David on a theme from Mozart, (finely played by Concertmeister Joseph Walter, from Munich); two French *Volksslieder*, (from the year 1650) for chorus:—"Oh come, my child, to the woods," and "Most beautiful Griselda;" and symphony in F, Op. 93, Beethoven. The fine programme was executed with the spirit and zeal proper to the occasion.

The fourth chamber music soirée, Dec. 12, was a perfect gem, offering seldom heard compositions for string and wooden instruments. The selections were:

Serenade Op. 25, Flute, violin and viola.....Beethoven.
Quintet, E flat, Piano, oboe, clarinet, horn and fagotto.
Mozart.
Sonet, Op. 31, Violin, viola, violoncello, contra-bass,
flute, oboe, clarinet, fagotto and horn.....Spohr.

Criticism is scarcely possible in the presence of such a programme; for from beginning to end we were held almost breathless with delight. The artists entered fully into the spirit of their task, and the rustic simplicity, humor, and passion which Beethoven so deliciously portrays in the *Serenade*; the fancy and grace of the beautifully written Quintet; and the tender sentiment which breathes through the exquisite harmonic and instrumental combinations of the *Sonnet*—all were finely presented to the almost spell-bound audience.

The tenth Gewandhaus concert, Dec. 19, brought the genial and brilliant E flat symphony by Julius Rietz, (formerly conductor of the Gewandhaus orchestra) which was beautifully played, as was also the glorious *Genoevera* overture, by Schumann, which was offered on the same programme. Frau Jennie Burde-Ney sang an aria from *Iphigenia auf Tauris*, Gluck, and an aria from *Così fan tutte*, Mozart, with fine taste and expression, and bore evidence to genuine artistic feeling and cultivation. The chief feature of the concert, however, was the pianism of Herr Carl Tausig, from Berlin, who is, at present, the greatest of living pianists. He played Franz Schubert's *Fantasie* (Op. 15) as arranged for piano and orchestra by Franz Liszt; *Barcarolle*, (No. 4) Rubinstein; *Allegro Vivacissimo*, Scarlatti; and *Rhapsodie Hongroise*, by Liszt. The *Signale*, in commenting upon his playing at this concert, says: "Herr Carl Tausig created genuine astonishment by his immense mastery over the resources of his instrument;" and further in the same article entitles him "a true pianoforte *Prestidigitator*." Carl Tausig was born in 1841, and received his first instruction from his father, Aloys Tausig, also a pianist, and afterwards studied under Liszt with such success that when he reached his twentieth year Liszt prophesied, "He will make me forgotten as a pianist."—a high testimonial to receive from the greatest pianist that has ever appeared, but one which seems to have been entirely deserved; for at present, the young artist is rapidly realizing the most sanguine anticipations of all his friends. He was appointed pianist to the King of Prussia in 1866, and he has established a pianoforte school in Berlin. In person he is rather slight, of medium height, and perfectly erect. The chief peculiarities about his playing are the perfect ease with which he encounters every conceivable difficulty, never exhibiting the slightest concern, or swaying from his easy, upright position in front of the instrument, the wonderful clearness with which every single note is heard in the most rapid and brilliant passages, and the power which he possesses, in a degree superior to any pianist which I have yet heard, of swelling the volume of tone from pianissimo into the loudest fortissimo possible to the instrument, without altering the delicious—almost melting—qual-

ity of tone which he always draws forth. Even Rubinstein, who is a really wonderful pianist, does not so possess this power, but that he forces the instrument occasionally. The great difference, however, between the two pianists is in reference to the comparative exertion required by each to produce the same effects. Rubinstein, though always graceful, and possessing a marvellous flexibility of wrist, is of an excitable temperament, and is apt to over-exert, and thus needlessly fatigue himself, while Tausig seems to remain perfect master of himself, as well as of the instrument. However, this difference may be imaginary, inasmuch as it is a manifest absurdity to think one can realize the exact relation which one artist bears toward another, after a single hearing of each, and I regret having suggested any such "odious comparison." Both have individual excellencies, and one may well be thankful for an opportunity of hearing either one.

The last concert I have to record is the eleventh Gewandhaus, which was given last night with the excellent overture "*Abencerragen*," by Cherubini and Beethoven's seventh symphony (A major) as the orchestral works; and the beautiful floating pianissimo passage in the overture, and the finale to the symphony were given with marvellous effect. Frau Bianca-Blume, from the Royal Opera, Berlin, who has the finest soprano voice that we have heard this season, sang a scena by Franz Schubert, *Die Altmacht*; and an aria from *Titus* by Mozart. She appeared to splendid advantage in the noble scena from Schubert, where without any apparent exertion upon her part, her voice swelled pure and firm above the entire combination of orchestral and brass instruments. I wonder that Mme. Parepa-Rosa has not performed this scena in any of her concerts with orchestra in New York or Boston. I do not remember to have seen the piece on any American programme, and yet it is a noble composition from the pen of one of the most richly gifted of musicians. Herr Alfred Jaell, (who, it will be remembered, travelled in America in 1852-4,) played a very brilliant and effective pianoforte concerto (F sharp minor) by Carl Reinecke; *Berceuse*, Chopin; transcription on "Tristram and Isolde," Jaell; Valse, (A flat) Chapin. Jaell's execution is very brilliant and precise; and in cantabile playing, and in delicate runs, embellishments, etc., he produces a delicious quality of tone. In *forte*, he plays with great fire and passion, but forces the tone terribly. If any one doubts that the pianoforte is an "instrument of percussion" he needs only to hear Jaell play when he becomes "warmed up" to his task. The whole instrument seems to crackle, and scales, and arpeggios fly with the velocity of lightning and fury of hailstones. At such time rhythmic perfection is all that remains to atone for the absence of genuine musical sound. Jaell certainly combines velocity with strength of finger to a remarkable degree.

Giovanni Pacini.

This celebrated Italian composer was born at Catania on the 11th of February, 1796, and was sent to Rome for his musical education at a very early age. From there he went to Bologna, where he received lessons in singing from Marchesi, and in harmony and counterpoint from Padre Mattei. Before completing these lessons he went to Venice, and had some instruction from the old maestro di capella of S. Mark's, Furlanetto. Destined by his parents for a place in some chapel, he began with writing church music. But his taste soon led him to the theatre, where he composed, at the age of eighteen, a little opera called "Annetta e Lucindo," which was favorably received at Venice. In 1815 he wrote an opera or musical farce for Pisa, and in the same year, his "*Rosina*," for Florence. In 1817 he composed four operas for a small theatre in Milan. From Milan he went to Venice, where he wrote "*L'Ingenue*," and returned to Milan in the carnival of 1818, to give his "*Adelaide e Comingio*." This opera, considered one of his best productions, was followed by "*Il Barone di Dolheim*," at La Scala. To these works succeeded in the principal Italian cities, "*L'Ambizione Delusa*," "*Gli Sponsali de'Silf*," "*Il Falegname di Livonia*," "*Ser Marcantonio*," "*La Sposa fedele*," "*La Schiava di Bagdad*," and many other works. In 1824 he made his debut at Naples, by "*Alessandro nelle Indie*." Here he married a young Neapolitan lady, and lived in retirement for about a year. In the summer of 1825 his "*Amazilia*" was produced at the San Carlos; and on the 19th of November following, for the festival of the queen, his "*L'Ultimo Giorno di Pompeia*," a serious opera, reckoned among his best works. In 1826 his "*Niobe*," written for Pasta, was brought out, at first with doubtful success, but afterwards with general acceptance. For some time after this Pacini lived at Portici, near Naples, having already written, at

the age of scarcely thirty, about thirty operas, several masses, cantatas, and some instrumental music. But this activity did not continue. Between 1826 and the summer of 1828 M. Fétis knows no work of Pacini's except "*I Crociati in Tolemaide*," which was successfully performed at Trieste. In December of 1828 he went to Turin, to bring out at the carnival "*Gli Arabi nelle Gallie*," one of his best works. This was succeeded in 1829 and 1830 by "*Margherita d'Ajrou*," "*Cesare in Egetio*," and "*Giovanni di Calais*." In this last year "*Giovanna d'Arco*" failed at La Scala. Since that time Pacini has not been much before the world, although an opera of his called "*Saffo*," first represented in 1842; has enjoyed great popularity. Fétis gives him credit for melody, facility of style, and good understanding of stage effect; but adds, that being an imitator of Rossini, he shared the fate of his model so prematurely abandoned by the Italians. Not only was he a composer, but a musical critic, and the Italian journals frequently contained articles from his pen up almost to the time of his death, which took place at Pesci, on the 6th December, 1867. At his funeral his own Requiem Mass was performed by 700 performers, including all the eminent musicians of Naples. Mercadante composed a symphony for the same occasion, entitled, "*Omaggio a Pacini*." E. F. R.

Music in Motley.

A writer in *Once a Week*, speaking, it would seem, to an unaccustomed audience, has this week made a show of apportioning to M. Jacques Offenbach his right place in the world of art-producers. Offenbach, says the writer, is a man in a mistaken position, a man over-estimated, a minnow claiming and claimed to be a triton, one whom it is the fashion of the day to exalt to the rank of Auher and the musical comedians. On which assumption the writer in *Once a Week* proceeds in a strain of remarks, the truth of which has probably struck every musician long before it struck the speaking critic. But if the critic's conclusions are in the main just and axiomatic, his premises are not so sound. It is not true to assert that there is a tendency in the present day to fall down and worship Offenbach. It is not even true that the world is disposed to appraise Offenbach at a higher rate than his specific value. For where has such a disposition been shown? Not in France, the land of his adoption. The French like Offenbach as a gay purveyor of unconsidered trifles: the first perhaps of a thousand furbishers of bright nonsense which glitters for a moment and then is heard and seen no more. Offenbach in France has made several attempts to acquire a more solid position than this, and has successively failed. His efforts to gain the distinction of five-act or three-act *opéra comique* have not met with the slightest recognition even from appreciative Paris. His "*Barkouf*" was a signal failure; "*Robinson Crusoe*" no better. The truth is that success in lyrical burlesque is not to be confounded with the position held by such a master of comedy as is Auher; and this truth the Parisians feel, although it does not seem to have struck the critic in *Once a Week*. Not in France certainly is Offenbach placed on a par with the author of the "*Domino Noir*."

Is it then in Germany where he is so magnified? Scarcely, we would say. His "*Orphée*," his "*Belle Hélène*," and one or two other operas have run through the capitals of the pretty German states, much as all fashions run which are set in Paris. The flimsy and superficial tone of Offenbach might be supposed to be derived from his residence among "our gay neighbors;" it was French, and to be French is to be *chic*, and to be *chic* is to be *la mode*. Therefore, Germany bore with Offenbach, and took a good-natured interest in him, and laughed at music in French motley. But it is not to be imagined that such music made any serious impression, for good or ill. On the Rhine-slopes there is little danger of one's acquiring a fatal love for champagne. Germany was free of contagion; it simply smiled, and the fashion went by.

Is Offenbach overrated in England? If so, where? At the Oxford Music Hall, where the "*Orphée*" was first brought out? At the Haymarket Theatre, where the same opera was villainously sung, and ran some four weeks? At the Adelphi, where the "*Belle Hélène*" was yet more villainously sung! At Covent Garden, where the "*Grande Duchesse*" had an enormous run of from twenty-five to thirty nights? Or at the Gallery of Illustration, where "*Ba-la-clan*" was played a moderately decent time, but no longer than any entertainment usually runs at that small house. We think the man who assumes that Offenbach is inordinately appraised in England would have some difficulty in proving his statement. On the contrary, Offenbach's music is estimated accurately enough. It is known to be light, sparkling,

very same (for the composer repeats himself continually), good dancy sort of stuff: a fit accompaniment to the nonsense which it illustrates. People know well enough that the cap and bells become this composer, and that on each occasion when he has attempted to doff the motley, even for the modest sock of comedy, he has always failed.—*Orchestra.*

Studies for Piano.

KÖHLER'S STUDIES. Op. 50. *The first Studies.* Op. 128. *New School in Velocity.* Books I. & II. (Boston: O. Ditson & Co.)

1. A Study, or as the French say *Etudes*, is a work composed with reference to affording the player exercise in some point of mechanical execution, or in some peculiar excellence of delivery, on the perfect attainment of which the artistic success of the piece is made to depend. At first sight this statement of the nature of the study would not seem to embrace two very distinct and well-marked classes. Yet so it is. For those of the kind first mentioned aim only at training the muscles to various feats of dexterity. They have the form of pieces, it is true, but spiritual inspiration, which is the real life of a piece, is entirely wanting.

Of the second class there have been written studies that are little better than the former. But the works of Stephen Heller* do not fall into this category, for they have the spiritual characteristics of pieces, each study having a character of its own.

2. There lie before us three books of studies by Louis Köhler. These all belong to the category of studies in mechanical execution. THE FIRST STUDIES, Op. 50, are possessed of these following peculiarities, all of which are excellent. First, of the twenty studies here contained, *all are short*—the longest being only sixteen measures. Second, each study exercises one hand only, the other meanwhile playing a simple accompaniment. Third, these exercises consist entirely of the simpler finger work: viz., five-finger passages, scales not exceeding one octave, and arpeggio formations, both direct and broken, one octave in extent. Fourth, the studies are arranged in such an order of succession as to afford symmetrical cultivation in execution. They run in pairs, of which the first study exercises the right hand, and the second, the left. The first pair consists of runs; the next of arpeggios. The third is scale formations; the fourth, arpeggios. And so on.

Another set is THE NEW SCHOOL IN VELOCITY, Op. 128, Books I. and II. This, like the preceding, consists of twenty studies. Their more noticeable points are:—First, they fall into approved forms, being in the three-period song form; or (which is much the same thing when the periods are so extended as in this case), in the second rondo form. This merit is a very desirable one, inasmuch as it gives a character of unity to each exercise, and so leads the pupil to expect it in other cases. Moreover, this form affords convenient opportunity for the merit next enumerated. Which is that, second, the hands receive equal attention, yet for the most part only one is seriously exercised at a time. The second rondo form consists of a THEME EPISODE and THEME. If the Author has constructed the Theme so as to exercise the right hand, he has always made the Episode to exercise the left, and vice versa. Third, although aiming at execution, the studies are intrinsically interesting and brilliant. They resemble the compositions of Sydney Smith, and there is no reason why pupils should conceive that disgust towards them that they are very apt to entertain toward anything that savors of work.

3. These works, it will be seen, cover the ground formerly occupied by Czerny's "Velocity." The particular enumeration we have already made of salient points gives some idea of their superiority over Czerny's. This consists mainly in three points:—First, more orderly arrangement. Second, the

*Heller's STUDIES. "Art of Phrasing," etc.

equal training given to both hands, yet the convenient manner in which the hands receive alternate attention. Third, the freshness of the music. While it lacks the peculiar romantic fancy of Heller, it is simple, pleasing, and appropriate to muscular training.

4. These works are sometimes spoken of as rivals to Heller. But as the preceding analysis shows, the two writers occupy different planes of endeavor, and are in no sense rivals. Perhaps the best of Heller's STUDIES are his Op. 16, THE ART OF PHRASING, the second book of Op. 45, introductory to Op. 16, and his little STUDIES in Rhythm and Expression, Op. 47. Each one of the separate studies of these sets is a veritable piece, and some of them are very beautiful. Any player of taste may properly play them as an act of musical enjoyment. Their study is an artistic exercise. But in Köhler's, and other similar works, the prominent idea is the requisition that a large number of keys be struck in as short a time as possible. That music results from the striking, is well; but the playing, and not the music, is of the first importance. The writer undertakes, simply, to alleviate as far as possible the drudgery of mechanical practice by superadding as much artistic charm as is compatible with the work to be done. To a large class of piano players and pupils these studies are a God-send. And we say, God-speed!

W. S. B. M.

Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, FEB. 6.—Musical matters here have had a slight bestirring since my last letter. You already know that our largest hall was burned down a month or more ago. We have still Library Hall, a somewhat plain room with seats for twelve hundred or so, and the Opera House. The prospect is that Farwell Hall will be rebuilt in a better manner.

Ole Bull gave three or four concerts, but they were not well attended. Of his playing different opinions are expressed. Camilla Urso was here with Gilmore, and played at his promenade concerts. I think the general opinion of the connoisseurs places her quite above Ole Bull as an artist. The reed and wind effects of Gilmore's band were quite novel here, where it is so unusual to find more than the smallest possible assortment of instruments in the orchestra. So our people curiously enough "went out to see" and hear "reeds shaken in the wind."

Just now we are having Italian Opera by a troupe compounded from those of Grover and Maretzek. The operas for the week are *Ernani*, *Crispino e la Comare*, *Romeo and Juliet* (Gounod's), *Troatore*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *Faust*. Both orchestra and chorus are better than we usually have here, which is saying little to their credit. Moreover, Mr. Maretzek contrives to keep them well together without pounding, or stamping, or making any undue fuss. And that is a great relief, for the labors of Strakosch's director were so onerous and after all so ineffective, as to make one positively uncomfortable to see him waste so much hard work.

Last night *Romeo and Juliet* was performed for the first time here. In the case of an opera concerning which the doctors so widely disagree, it is scarcely becoming the writer to speak confidently; yet certain facts became apparent as the work progressed. Among them, these:—The instrumentation is exceedingly pleasant, appropriate, and consequently varied. The accompaniments, both in the score and in performance, were so in the best sense of the word. The real meaning of the work was brought out better by them, and the voices were never covered up or drowned out by brass. The melodies were pleasing and not especially commonplace. But the solo singing was "no better than it should be."

How much the opera would improve if the leading parts were taken by great artists I cannot say, but it

is certainly a work that one would love to hear more than once. The best success of last night was by Antonucci, as Capulet. He looked, acted, and sang the part.

Dudley Buck, Jr., of Hartford, gives an organ concert to-night at the First Baptist Church. The programme does not embrace one piece of real noble organ music. Alas! for the times we are fallen on.

DER FREYSCHUTZ.

NEW YORK, FEB. 3.—On Saturday Evening, in the 3d concert of the N. Y. Philharmonic Society at the Academy of Music, the following programme was performed:

Overture, "Jesonda".....Spohr.
P. F. Concerto, A minor, Op. 54.....Schumann.
9th Symphony, Op. 125, D minor.....Beethoven.

The Overture has all the Spohr mannerisms, together with enough freshness and melody to make it agreeable; extremely pleasant is the fragmentary, episodic march for wind instruments which breaks in upon the quasi recitative character of the first portion of the work. It served like soup at a dinner—as an appetizer for the solid viands to follow.

Although the colossal Choral Symphony was the feature of the programme, the Schumann Concerto was far more attractive to me. It is not easy to say that this or that movement is better than another; whether one chooses the strong, self-contained *Allegro affettuoso*, with its beautiful little interpolated *Nocturne* in A flat, the charming *Intermezzo* with its cello solo, or the graceful, delightfully intricate *Finale*,—all are so dependent each upon the other, so homogeneous, that one must be content to admire and love it as a complete work of exceptional and wonderful genius. It was played perfectly—the word is not too strong—by Mr. Mills. Anything neater or cleaner than his rendering of the last movement, particularly the fascinating episode in which the running, liquid theme coquets with the relative key of D and finally turns its back upon it—I have never heard. Mr. M. was deservedly encored.

Lastly came the Symphony. Is it too much to say [Yes.—Ed.] that had any other man written it, it would never have stood upon the high pedestal which it now occupies? We have often heard objections raised against the length of the Schubert C major Symphony; compared with this it is short Good as the Scherzo is—and it is unquestionably [?] the best movement—it is interminable and tedious and grows absolutely insupportable before it reaches its termination [!]. Repetition seemed to be Beethoven's *bête noire* in this work. The theme of the last movement—taken in every manner of shape, form, and way, by instruments or voices—is abominably commonplace and unworthy of Beethoven's genius. [Our readers know that this is far from our way of thinking.—Ed.]

Mrs. Smith sang the ungrateful, strained soprano part, as effectively as possible. It is unfit for a human voice. The other soloists did fairly; the baritone, however, seemed insanely anxious to sing sharp, and succeeded in doing so in one or two instances. The whole performance may be called a good one, and too much praise cannot be given to the orchestra for its promptitude and accuracy.

The audience was surprisingly large, the Academy filled from parquette to ceiling; many had to content themselves with "standing room only." Under its new management this society has unquestionably made a great advance in popular favor.

Why will not the stockholders of the Academy give orders for the removal of the unsightly and absurd chandelier which now disgraces it? Why not light the building after the Steinway Hall fashion? There no one's eyes are blinded by the glare of a huge mass of gas burners.

Mr. Bristow's oratorio "Daniel" was a second time performed on the evening of Thursday, Jan. 30, and—judging from the comments of the daily jour-

nals—met with, as I predicted, a favorable reception. One critic lauds the work to the skies and says that there are "few, if any, composers in Europe capable of writing anything equal to it;" which may or may not be true. Mme. Parepa being ill, the soprano part was taken by another lady.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 15, 1868.

Music in Boston.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The sixth Symphony Concert (Jan. 30) had a rather lighter programme than the two preceding, yet composed exclusively of masterworks of four men, all of whom rank among the *Dii majores* of the realm of harmony. There was every evidence of the liveliest enjoyment, from beginning to end, and on the part of the largest audience which these concerts have yet drawn together.

Overture to "Coriolanus".....Beethoven.
Symphony in D, No. 1.....Mozart.
Overture, "The Fair Melusina".....Mendelssohn.

Pianoforte Concerto in D minor, Op. 40.....Mendelssohn.
Symphony, in G, second time.....Haydn.

The two Overtures, of the very best of their kind and of their authors, were finely contrasted, and we think told more significantly than ever before here in an uncommonly effective rendering. The strong, crisp chords in the *Coriolanus* did strike sparks out this time; the vigor of the leading motive, fiery and impatient, relieved by the soft gush of tears from a great heart in the contrasted motive; the wonderful condensation and conciseness of the whole, every phrase so pregnant with meaning and all hurrying to a climax (in this respect only paralleled by the *Egmont* Overture); the boldness of the portrait, its intensity of expression, and the stormy coloring of the background; finally, the short, breathless chords in which the proud life seems to have stormed itself away and drop exhausted,—were well brought out.

Of the Overture to the legend (Tieck's) of "The fair Melusina," Mendelssohn, in a letter to his sister, April, 1834, says: "You ask me *what* legend you are to read? How many are there, pray? and how many do I know? and don't you know the story of the 'fair Melusina'? and would it not be better for me to hide myself, and to creep into all sorts of instrumental music without any title, when my own sister does not appreciate such a title? Or did you really never hear of this beautiful fish? . . . I wrote this overture for an opera of Conradin Kreutzer's which I saw this time last year in the Königsstadt Theatre. The overture (I mean Kreutzer's) was encored, and I disliked it exceedingly, and the whole opera quite as much; but not Mlle. Hähnel, who was very fascinating, especially in one scene where she appeared as a mermaid combing her hair; this inspired me with the wish to write an overture which the people might not *encore*, but which would cause them more solid pleasure; so I selected the portion of the subject that pleased me (exactly corresponding with the legend), and, in short, the overture came into the world, and this is its pedigree."—It is certainly romantic music in the fullest sense, and picturesque. In the two contrasted themes—the first (F major), so watery and cool and rippling, tempting you beneath the waves,—the

other (F minor), so chivalric, heroic, proud, impatient,—Mendelssohn clearly had in view the two characters, the princess Melusina (who is supposed to be a mermaid in the hours denied to her lord) and the brave knight who weds her. We translated Schumann's description of the overture a year ago, and need add nothing now. It does indeed revive "those fables of the life deep down beneath the watery abyss," and is full of "shooting fishes with golden scales, of pearls in open shells," &c., &c. How exquisite, and yet how cool, how calm the narrative! The mingling colors of the different instruments seemed more bright and beautiful than ever; our excellent first clarinet made itself appreciated there.

The Mozart Symphony in D, a short one, commonly distinguished as having no Minuet, is altogether a more marked and greater work than the one (also in D and without Minuet) called sometimes the "French" Symphony, which was played last year. This one, in wealth and felicity of ideas, and in masterly moulding into a perfect whole, at once captivating to the general ear and full of contrapuntal subtlety, may rank with his best symphonic inspirations, like those in G minor and E flat. It has great breadth too; the power is so intrinsically in the thought and composition, that you do not miss the clarinets, trombones, &c. The opening Adagio is very large and stately. The syncopated theme with which the Allegro starts off makes you very sure that "here is richness" in what is coming; and presently it develops into a motive in which there is no mistaking the features of that in the *Zauberflöte* Overture (which likewise is at once popular and learned music). As it goes on, each new theme starts up another in charming sequence and variety. The Andante drops out the trumpets, and, limited to strings, reeds, flutes and mellow horns, is one of the sweetest and most graceful of his slow movements. The Finale lures you on again with syncopation at the outset, and soon brings in a charming melody in sixths, which may well have puzzled by its strange familiarity those whose memory goes back to our parlor music of some thirty years ago. Indeed Mozart's Symphonies, &c., furnished many an English song writer of those days with ideas; and this idea came out as original English in a sentimental ditty about "The last link is broken," &c., (Mozart's bright little *presto* melody lengthened into a drawing slow time). Everybody thought the Symphony delightful. And the still lighter Symphony in G by Haydn justified the repetition and sent all home in the pleasantest of humors, not a dissipated, low Offenbach humor, but a really *light* and buoyant one, with healthy sense of satisfaction.

The D-minor Concerto of Mendelssohn, a tone-poem full of genius, not so often heard as the earlier one in G minor, perhaps not so readily appreciated at first hearing, is yet sure to grow upon one. It was first played here, ten years ago, by Mr. Lang. It does not demand very extraordinary powers of execution; any one of our leading pianists is equal to it technically. The chief thing is that the artist feel the music like an artist and enter into the spirit of it. This of course Mr. DRESEL did; he brought out the music of it; he made the music felt; it warmed the audience, who responded with unusual unanimity and vigor of applause. Remembering that

Schumann had written something about this Concerto at the time of its first appearance (in 1837), we have looked it up, and here it is as closely as we could translate it:

"Verily, Mendelssohn is ever the same, and ever walks with his old joyous step; the smile about the lips hath no one more beautifully than he. Virtuosos will hardly find play for their enormous execution in this Concerto; he gives them hardly anything to do, which they have not already done and played a hundred times. Often have we heard them utter this complaint. In one sense they are right; opportunity to show *bravura* through the novelty and brilliancy of passages should not be excluded from the Concerto. But *Music* stands above all other considerations, and always our highest praise belongs to him, who gives us always and most richly this.

"But music is the effluence of a finer nature; no matter whether it flow forth in the presence of hundreds, or by itself in silence, provided always that it be the finer nature that expresses itself. Hence it is that Mendelssohn's compositions have such an irresistible influence when he plays them himself; the fingers are mere carriers, and might as well be covered up; it is for the ear alone to perceive, and then it is for the heart to decide. Now if this praise belongs to Mendelssohn, that he *always* gives us such music to hear, yet we will not for all that deny, that frequently he does it in one work in a more slight and cursory manner, and more emphatically in another. And this Concerto is one of his most fugitive productions. I must be very much mistaken, if he did not write it in a few days, perhaps a few hours. It is as if one shook a tree; the ripe, sweet fruit falls without more ado.

"Some will ask, how it compares with his first Concerto (in G minor). It is the same, and not the same; it is the same, because it is the work of a thoroughly educated master; it is not the same, because it was written ten years later. Here and there in the conduct of the harmony Sebastian Bach peeps out. For the rest, melody, form, instrumentation are Mendelssohn's own property. Enjoy we then the fugitive and cheering gift; it is just like one of those works, of which we know so many by the older masters, when they rested from their greater creations. Our younger master certainly will not forget how, suddenly, after such rest, they often came out with something mighty; the D-minor Concerto of Mozart, the one in G major by Beethoven, offer us examples."

This week's Concert consisted of the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven, preceded by Cherubini's Overture to "Anacreon," for the First Part; and Chopin's E-minor Concerto, played by HUGO LEONHARD, followed by Weber's *Jubel-Overture*, for Part Second.

The Eighth and last of the Symphony Concerts will come on Thursday afternoon, Feb. 27. It has been decided to close the series with a repetition of the glorious Schubert Symphony in C,—this forming the second part. The first part to open with Esser's orchestral arrangement of Bach's Organ Toccata in F; followed by Sterndale Bennett's charming Overture: "The Naiads," for the first time in these concerts. Then, as a novelty of especial interest, never heard before in Boston, the Triple Concerto of Beethoven, for piano, violin and cello (Messrs. LANG, EICHBERG and FRIES), with orchestra; this will complete the list of Beethoven Concertos, adding the only one which remains to the five for piano and the one for violin, all of which have been given in these concerts. The first part will end with Mendelssohn's Overture: "Becalmed at Sea and Prosperous Voyage."

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB—The second of the four monthly Concerts (Feb. 4) was one of the very best classical Chamber concerts ever enjoyed in the Chickering Hall, whose walls have been seasoned by so many. The room was completely filled with excellent listeners, and the programme was very happy in its selections:

First Quartet. No. 1, in F. Op. 18. Beethoven.
Allegro con brio—Adagio con espressione—Scherzo—
Finale, Allegro.
Caprices, for Pianoforte. Op. 16. Mendelssohn.
1. Andante con moto.
2. Presto.
B. J. LANG.
Sonata, for Piano and Violoncello, in D, op. 58. Mendelssohn.
Allegro assai vivace—Allegretto Scherzando—Adagio—
Finale, molto Allegro vivace.
Messrs. LANG and FRIES.
Quartet. No. 1, op. 41. Robert Schumann.
Introduzione, Andante con espressione and Allegro—
Scherzo, Presto—Adagio—Finale, Presto.

Delightful as the return of young days was it to hear that earlier Quartet of Beethoven again; it must be many years since it was played here. How perfectly clear, fresh, full of vigorous health and enthusiasm it is in the quick movements! and the Adagio, so unmistakably Beethoven, breathes the deep, thoughtful passion of a deep nature. After our recent training in the more involved and difficult later works of the master, it was like play to listen to one so clear and simple as this, and find it so poetic, full of genial charm. Would it not be interesting some time to contrast this No. 1 with one of the great "posthumous" Quartets in the same concert? What a measure of the progress of so great a mind!

Mr. LANG of course played the Mendelssohn Caprices with all grace and delicacy, and they were much enjoyed, as they always are when well played. But the Sonata-Duo was an event of the season. It is a noble composition, genial, rich in invention, large and elegant in treatment. Here the violoncello of WULF FRIES had full play for its finest power, and admirably he used the opportunity. Admirable it was on the part of both artists. Every one was edified by those great full chords of *Chorale*, answering to earnest, pleading fragments of recitative from the 'cello; it is one of Mendelssohn's great moments.

Schumann's three Quartets, op. 41, belong to his best creative period, and though difficult, are as artistically moulded in respect of form, as they are genial in contents. The Club have played all three of them during the last three or four years; most frequently the third, in A major, which is perhaps the richest and most striking one among them. This one in A minor (though after a brief introduction in that key, the principal Allegro is in F major), is also very beautiful, and was so well rendered as to enchain attention and give general pleasure. We hope to hear it again.

The third concert comes on Tuesday evening, March 3, when Mendelssohn's *Octet* will be performed, with other rare things not yet determined on.

ORCHESTRAL UNION. The fourth Wednesday Afternoon Concert (Feb. 5) had at length the encouragement of a very large audience. This was the programme:

Overture to "Semiramis." Rossini.
New Waltz, "Künstler Leben." Strauss.
Rondo, in E flat, for Piano, with Orchestra. Mendelssohn.
Ernst Perabo.
Grand Symphony, in C. Franz Schubert.
Introd. and Allegro. Andante.
Potpourri, from "Faust." Gounod.

The undertaking of the great Schubert Symphony by the small orchestra, and so soon after hearing it upon a more adequate scale, proved on the whole a mistake; although everything that tends to familiarize the ear with its main features is so much preparation for a more receptive hearing when the fuller opportunity shall come; it is at least good as study. Besides, the necessity of dividing so long a work for these more mixed programmes, giving only two of the four movements at a time, destroys one of the conditions of listening to it fairly; you do not sit yourself down to it in earnest; not expecting a

whole, you do give a whole mind to it. The Rossini Overture, though it lacked the extra horns for the quartet, was a luxurious treat, as a Rossini Overture always is. Mr. PERABO played that swift, unflagging, brilliant Rondo of Mendelssohn (the same which he gave us last year in the Symphony Concerts), with all that clearness, certainty and charm which we all expect of him whenever he approaches the piano, and he was recalled with enthusiasm.

This week's concert did not bring with it the balance of the Schubert Symphony. Instead of that we were introduced to a novelty of formidable proportions, a new work in an old form, to-wit, an orchestral "Suite," by Franz Lachner, of Munich, the second of the kind which he has produced and which have found considerable favor in German concert rooms.

This one is in E minor,—not, as the printed bills erroneously had it, in D. It is a singular attempt to follow the old forms of Bach and Handel in a long instrumental work, stringing together a succession (*suite*) of little pieces, partly in the fugal, and partly in old dance rhythms, and just enough related to one another to leave a certain unity of impression from the whole. Those old masters, however, commonly kept all the string of pieces in the same key, whereas the modern imitator prudently shrinks from that monotony. The *Suite* was the imperfect, half organized forerunner of the developed unity and symmetry of the Sonata form (which from the time of Emanuel Bach and Haydn holds in all Symphonies, Sonatas, Quartets, Trios, Concertos, &c.) To cultivate this obsolete form now is to take a long step back in search of novelty. The quaintness, too, the certain murky, twilight tone and atmosphere of a past age, with which the artist rather cleverly imbues his picture, must needs lack the naturalness, the *naïveté*, the sincerity of the old masters. We would not judge of it from a first hearing. It was certainly interesting, in parts quite winning and delightful, but in parts also hard, and dry and ungenial. The pieces are, 1) an *Adagio* introduction, mystical and sombre, organ-like, leading into a quick Fugue, with a strongly marked, but rather dreary subject, regularly wrought out, not without traits of coarseness (so it seemed to us) in the instrumentation, and some confusing redundancy of termination. 2) *Andante* in E major, again mystical and brooding, but in a more sentimental vein, reminding us of Schumann in "Paradise and the Peri;" much of it fine and delicate. 3) *Minuet* in B minor, with *Trio* in B major, that glides along with a refined, half sad, subtle grace. 4) Most charming of all, and quite original, an *Intermezzo*, with a light minor quickstep rhythm. 5) For a finale, as is usual in the old Suites, a *Giga* or *Jig*, in 9-8 measure, full of life and energy. The rendering was careful, and the impression on the audience quite as good as such a union of not a little of the "Zukunft's" spirit with an antique form could be expected to make. It should be heard more than once, and, if possible, with a greater body of strings.

It was a happy thought to introduce Beethoven's bright little Turkish march right after the *Suite*; the mist rolled off immediately. Rossini's *La Gazza Ladra* Overture opened the concert. No mist there, no uncertainty about him. All fresh and sparkling and inspiring, the charm of his overtures, that happy child of genius, however light and careless, is infallible.

IN PROSPECT. "Moses" and "Elijah" are to be given by the Handel and Haydn Society on the evenings of Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 29 and March 1. The first is a sop to Cerberus, if we may so call a certain reactionary element in the old Society, which takes its recent progress in a good direction hard, and is afraid there will be "no more cakes and ale," no "Davids" Goliaths, no melodious, flowery Rossini operas, which sing so glibly, to serve up under the solemn cloak of Oratorios! This element succeeded, at the last annual election, in "reconstructing" the board of Directors and must

have its way for once! Perhaps it will be quite as well to let it try its way for once, and see whether the times are as they used to be. Anyhow, Moses will be off set on the next night by the true Oratorio *Elijah*.

Mendelssohn's charming little Opera, the "Son and Stranger" (*Heimkehr aus der Fremde*), which he wrote for the "silver wedding" of his parents, is to be produced at the Music Hall, at the annual benefit of Mr. Peck, the worthy superintendent. It will be a novelty. All the vocal and instrumental music will be given, with eminent soloists and orchestra, under Mr. B. J. Lang's direction. Every one will wish to hear it, both for its own sake and for Mr. Peck's, who has managed to establish pleasant relations with all music-lovers hereabouts.

LA GRANDE DUCHESSE. Our article of a few weeks since has found no answer here. But where Bateman "is round," in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, &c., we meet a few flings from newspaper critics. The other day we copied from the Philadelphia *Bulletin* a brave article on the low taste reigning in "the metropolis" New York, pharasaically rubbing its hands and saying: *We*, of Philadelphia, are not as they are; we shall not be carried away by vulgar "Black Crooks" and "Grand Duchesses." But look you now, the Duchess approaches Philadelphia, the "manager of the press" has arrived, the flaming advertisements are out and they pay well; and now the *Bulletin* has changed its tone, has tuned its trumpets to the general praise. It even charges us with "opening the guns of magnificent comparison upon it," with measuring the "brilliant, trashy" thing against Rossini and Mozart, &c.

Then you admit that it is "trashy." Mind you this was not admitted by the newspaper critics when we wrote. It was praised up as a work of genius (the New York *Weekly Review* even spoke of Offenbach as "the ruling musical genius of Europe"). It was so exalted that one had to stoop to the task of pointing out the utter triviality and commonness of the music.

Our critics, as we foresaw, have raised a false issue with us; careful not to state what we did say, they attack us for what we did not say; they charge us with finding fault with "light music" as such. We do not quarrel with the "Duchess" music because it is light, but because it is not fine, not beautiful, not genial, but commonplace and vulgar.

We only wrote after we had been taunted with keeping silent about what all their trumpets proclaimed "the great musical event" of the day.—The moral of our article was the venality (as a rule) of what is called "Art criticism" in the press; it being a melancholy fact that most newspaper musical criticism throughout this country is governed mainly by mere business considerations; that the "criticism" is only an expansion of the advertisement; and that the length and frequency and warmth of the critical notice keeps measure with the advertising patronage.

NEW AMERICAN OPERA. We have seen some compositions of Mr. Fairlamb, which certainly show musical feeling, taste and mastery of form, and therefore we do not feel entirely sceptical about the promise held forth in the following from the Philadelphia *Sunday Times*.

A few weeks since we alluded briefly to the opera which Mr. J. Remington Fairlamb, of this city, is now composing for the Richings troupe, and which will be produced next season, if no unforeseen accident should prevent the fulfillment of the present understanding. We have had the pleasure of hearing much of the music, and are anxious to impress upon our readers its unusual merit.

Mr. Fairlamb has had advantages enjoyed by few of our native musicians. A long residence in Europe, with opportunities for study, most enthusiastically improved, was an immense benefit to a talent already considerably developed during his previous life in his own land. Personal influence with many prominent musical people gained him a hearing in Germany, and the mere hearing brought him his reward in substantial honors from the King of Wurtemberg. Returning home with such an endorsement, his path was smoothed in some measure, and he has been encouraged to persevere in the composition of an opera, first conceived in Switzerland. Better still, he has the aid of a librettist who is not only a fluent versifier and fully acquainted with stage effects, but is himself a fine vocalist, has some theoretical knowledge of music, and is a conscientious and correct critic. Such a union has been vouchsafed to few composers, and Mr. Fairlamb will undoubtedly profit by it. At the same time it should be known that the plot and main divisions of the

story had been decided upon before the assistance of the present gifted librettist was obtained, and he is therefore not responsible for the manner in which an episode from Cervantes' Don Quixote has been transformed into a three-act opera, now named "The Interrupted Marriage." Our purpose to-day is not to speak of the music in detail, but to urge upon all who love the art, and are anxious to see it win its proper position in the United States, the duty of feeling pleasantly towards a forthcoming native opera, and extending a cordial welcome to present his work to them. We must not discourage any effort so enthusiastically made in the cause of music. Every sneer, every slighting word, every careless shrug, every idle expression of censure on such an attempt is a clog, not on this particular opera, but upon the progress of the musical art in America. "The Interrupted Marriage" merits an attentive hearing; it is no light ballad opera, patched together with dull dialogue, and carried on with an orchestral accompaniment, as poor and meagre as in some of the English works which are performed night after night with applause; but it is a thoughtful composition, abounding in elaborate concerted movements, and as carefully scored as the best operas on the stage. Its style is intensely passionate, and has the rich harmonies of the German school, well interwoven with the florid brilliancy of the Italian writers.

"STELLA" ON THE HARVARD CONCERTS. Boston may be the "hub," but Worcester is the "heart" of the Commonwealth, and it is pleasant to see that our Symphony Concerts find a hearty recognition there. In a letter to the *Palladium*, Feb. 3, the lady writes:

The sixth concert of the Harvard Musical Association was one of the most enjoyable yet given. No selections to tax mind and brain were in its sterling programme. All was beautiful, artistic, true to the highest musical expression. The overtures were the *Coriolanus*, broad and stately, and always good to hear; and "The Fair Melusina," which was played with refreshing heartiness. It has a lovely theme, which runs through the overture like a silver thread, around which toy and flutter the different instruments as if captivated by its elfin beauty. The symphonies were Mozart's, in D, No. 1; and Haydn's, in G. The former was of the true Mozart character; fresh, jubilant, full of healthful sunshine, gleeful as youth and innocence, with a little tender shading of sentiment in its placid *adagio*, which gives place to an *allegro* of winning grace and sweetness. The closing movement has all the fresh beauty of a summer-shower. Rain-drops patter and laugh as the sun bursts through the clouds, and the world is, for a time, as new as on the morning of creation. The Haydn Symphony was heard for the second time, and most welcome it was! Why not, good gentlemen of the Harvard Association, oftener repeat these symphonies? There is a positive pleasure in listening a second and third time to what has once been enjoyed, and new beauties come to light which cannot always be grasped at first hearing. The symphony was light music in the best meaning of the term. Full of interest and variety, too, with its quaint conceits, its *largo* passages of exceeding beauty, its stately minuet, and saucy, piquant *finale*. At these symphony concerts, excellent opportunity is afforded to hear the best pianists of the day, and the announcement that Mr. Otto Dresel would play Mendelssohn's Concerto in D minor, was hailed with pleasure. Mr. Dresel too rarely plays in public. Too rarely for his hearers, and perhaps, for himself. With some listeners the piano forte must always suffer in comparison with the brilliancy of the violins, but this performance was remarkable for its exquisite delicacy, and the performer's perfect interpretation of the music, its form and sentiment.

MUSICAL LIGHT. Professor Faraday, as early as 1818, showed that certain tones were produced by tubes surrounding the flames of a spirit lamp or a jet of carbonic oxide. After these experiments, the first great novelty in acoustic observations was due to the late Count Schaffgotsch, who showed that a flame in such a tube could be made to quiver in response to a voice pitched to the note of the tube or to its higher octave. Where the note was sufficiently high, the flame was even extinguished by the voice. Following up this rudimentary idea, Professor Tyndall was led to take note of a series of singular effects with flames and tubes, in which he and the Count seem to have been running a race of priority. A number of these curious and beautiful phenomena are described in the sixth lecture. The cause of this quivering or dancing of the flame is best revealed by an experiment with the syren. As the pitch of the instrument is raised so as to approach that of the

tube, a quivering of the flame is seen synchronous with the beats. When perfect unison is attained, the beats cease, but begin again when the syren is urged beyond unison, becoming more rapid as the dissonance is increased. On raising the voice to the proper pitch, the Professor showed that a flame, which had been burning silently, began to sing. The effect was the same, whenever the right note was sounded, at any distance in the room. He turned his back to the flame. Still the sonorous pulses ran round him, reached the tube, and called forth the song. Naked flames, uncovered by tubes, will give forth the same effects if subjected to increased pressure, or suffered to flare. Professor Tyndall ascribes the discovery to Professor Leconte, of the United States, who noticed at a musical party the jets of gas pulsate in synchronism with the audible beats. "A deaf man," he observes, "might have seen the harmony." The tap of a hammer, the shaking of a bunch of keys, a bell, whistle, or other sonorous instrument, is answered by the sympathetic tongue of flame. An infinite variety of forms is assumed by the luminous jet, according as the fish-tail, the bat's wing, or other burner is employed, or a greater or less column of flame of the series is that from the single orifice of a stentite burner, reaching a height of twenty-four inches. So sensitive is this tall and slender column as to sink to seven inches at the slightest rap upon a distant anvil. At the shaking of a bunch of keys it is violently agitated and emits a loud roar. The lecturer could not walk across the floor without agitating it. The creaking of his boots, the ticking of his watch set it in violent commotion.

Mrs. Hog and Miss Hog at the Philharmonic, (New York).

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

For the victims of public nuisances which may be reached by law there is some hope of relief, but what hope is there for the helpless victims of public impositions which the law cannot touch? The nuisance referred to at present is that class of people who frequent concerts, &c., for the sole purpose, apparently, of enjoying there the sweets of gossip, flirtation and confectionery. Permit me, through your columns, to relate a personal experience at the rehearsal of the Philharmonic Society yesterday afternoon.

After going early to secure a good seat I was driven from it during the opening overture by the incessant and boisterous whisperings of two females in the dress circle.

I changed my position, but the Schumann concerto had hardly begun when three fashionably dressed young women entered and seated themselves near. One of their number immediately produced a package of bon-bons, whereupon the three began at once to eat, whisper and giggle. A hiss was essayed as a sedative, but without effect. It was repeated, awakening neighboring echoes, but of no avail. A personal request was then made, which quieted for a moment, but did not silence.

At this juncture a youth, evidently of "our set," arrived. This event produced intense excitement. Another package of bon-bons was produced, and the conversation received a new impetus.

The third symphony opened, with its hushed and solemn strains, but the sublime measure awakened no respect among the candy-eaters. It was saddening to see that the whispering, chewing and giggling remained unbroken. In desperation I took a seat directly under the orchestra, in deafening closeness to bass drums and viols.

Now, what is to be done in relation to a nuisance of so flagrant a character as this? Are those who make efforts to reach a public hall to secure good seats, and who go expressly to hear the music, to be driven, if not from the house, at least to the most undesirable positions in the building, by the shocking ill-breeding of those who have met to flirt, giggle and eat? Are not the parlor, the ball-room, the street, the restaurant, field enough for such?

If our people lack both the instructive and acquired reverence for the noblest forms of art, which would silence them during the performance of a Beethoven symphony, or a Schumann concerto, may we not at least expect an average good breeding? If the law cannot protect us from this class of gross imposition, cannot at least a public feeling be created which will stand in the stead of public authority? In the meantime, might it not be well to submit the following suggestion to the president of the Philharmonic Society, viz.: That labels be placed in certain parts of the house, after this fashion: "Flirtation Circle;" "Department for Candy Eaters;" "For Gossip;" "For Gigglers," &c., reserving at least a small portion of the house where the genuine music lover may be unmolested and at peace. S. M. W.

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

